

# The Musical World.

(REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST-OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.)

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VOL. 58.—No. 16.

SATURDAY, APRIL 17, 1880.

PRICE { 4d. Unstamped.  
5d. Stamped.

## ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.

Mdme Albani (her First Appearance these Two Years).  
Début of M. Engel.

THIS EVENING (SATURDAY), April 17, will be performed  
DONIZETTI'S Opera, "LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR." Lucia, Mdme  
Albani; Enrico, Signor Graziani; Raimondo, Signor Capponi; Arturo, Signor  
Sabater; Normanno, Signor Zilio; and Edgardo, M. Engel (his first appearance in  
England). Conductor—Signor VIARESE.

MONDAY next, April 19, M. MASSENET'S grand Opera, "IL RE DI LAHORE."  
Nair, Mdme Turloia; Kaled, Mdme Pasqua; Scindia, M. Lassealle; Indra, Signor  
de Reszke (his second appearance in England); and Alim, Signor Gayarre.

Second Appearance of Mdme Albani.—First Appearance this Season  
of Mdme Scalchi.

TUESDAY next, April 20, VERDI'S Opera, "RIGOLETTO." Gilda, Mdme  
Albani; Maddalena, Mdme Scalchi; Contessa di Ceprano, Mdme Morini;  
Rigoletto, Signor Graziani; Sparafucile, Signor Silvestri; and Il Duca, Signor  
Carpi.

Doors open at Eight o'clock; Opera commences at Half-past.  
The Box Office, under the portico of the Theatre, is open from Ten till Five.  
Orchestra Stalls, £1 1s.; Side Boxes on the first tier, £3 3s.; Upper Boxes,  
£2 12s. 6d.; Pit Tickets, 7s.; Amphitheatre Stalls, 10s. 6d. and 5s.; Amphitheatre,  
2s. 6d. Programmes of the Season, with full particulars, can be obtained  
of Mr Edward Hall, at the Box Office, under the portico of the Theatre, where  
application for boxes and stalls are to be made.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—SATURDAY CONCERT, April 17,  
at Three o'clock. The Programme will include "The Jupiter-Festival March  
for Orchestra and Chorus," *Adieu* (Gounod)—first time at these concerts;  
Symphonic Prelude to Byron's *Manfred*, first time in England (F. Fraeger); Air  
for Strings, from Suite in D (J. S. Bach); The Choral Symphony (Beethoven).  
Vocalists—Miss Annie Marriott, Miss Orridge (her first appearance at the Crystal  
Palace), Mr Harper Kearton, Mr Frederick King, and the Crystal Palace Choir.  
Conductor—Mr AUGUST MANNS. Numbered Seats, 2s. 6d. and 1s. Admission  
to Concert-room, Sixpence.

SATURDAY NEXT.

## MORNING BALLAD CONCERT.

LONDON BALLAD CONCERTS.—ST JAMES'S HALL.  
SATURDAY Morning next, April 24. Artists: Miss Mary Davies and Miss  
Amber; Mdme Antoinette Sterling and Miss Orridge; Mr Edward Lloyd and  
Mr Redfern Hollins; Mr Santley, and Mr Maybrick. Pianoforte—Mr F. W.  
Bampfyde. The London Vocal Union. Conductors—Mr HENRY PARKER and  
Mr FRED. WALKER. Stalls, 7s. 6d.; Reserved Area, 5s.; Tickets, 3s., 2s., and  
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Principal—Professor MACFARREN, Mus. D., Cantab.

The EASTER TERM will commence on MONDAY, the 26th inst., and terminate  
on SATURDAY, July 24th.

Candidates for admission (bringing music they can perform) may be examined  
at the Institution on Saturday, the 24th inst., at Eleven o'clock.

By order, JOHN GILL, Secretary.

Royal Academy of Music,  
Tenterden Street, Hanover Square, W.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.—PRACTICAL EXAMINATIONS in  
VOCAL and INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC. Examiner—Dr HULLAH. AN  
EXAMINATION will be held at the House of the SOCIETY OF ARTS, 19, John  
Street, Adelphi, W.C., during the week commencing 7th June, 1880, for Candidates  
residing in or near London. This Examination will be held during the  
Day and Evening. Candidates should apply at once to the SECRETARY at the  
above address for a Form upon which to make the necessary returns. Certificates  
in Honours, or for First and Second Class, are granted to successful  
candidates. By Order, H. TRUEMAN WOOD, Secretary.

Society's House, Adelphi, W.C.,  
April 8, 1880.

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arrangements in connection with the Concert Tours of Mr Vernon Rigby and of  
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SCHUBERT SOCIETY. President—Sir JULIUS BENEDICT.  
Founder and Director—Herr SCHUBERTH. Fourteenth Season, 1880.  
The remaining Arrangements for April are as follows, viz.: Wednesday, April 22,  
Meeting for Vocal and Chamber Music Practice. Ladies and gentlemen desirous  
of joining may do so at any time, and can have Prospectus and full particulars  
on application to  
244, Regent Street, W.  
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GEORGE'S HALL, at Three o'clock.—Miss O. Penna, Mdme Patey, and Mr  
B. Lane. Violin—Herr Ludwig; Violoncello—M. Albert; Harp—Herr Oberthur;  
Pianoforte—Mr George Gear. Tickets, 10s. 6d., 7s., 5s., and 3s., at St George's  
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MR GEORGE GEAR will perform Works by Weber,  
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Street, in consequence of the recent decease of Mr Metzler. Catalogues will  
shortly be ready, and will be supplied to the Trade free on application.

**MISS LUCY RILEY**, of the National Training School for Music, will give her **FIRST PUBLIC CONCERT** at NEUMEYER HALL, Hart Street, W.C., on **FRIDAY Afternoon, 23rd April**, at Three o'clock. **Violins**—Miss Lucy Riley, Mr E. Parfitt, and Mr E. Crook. **Violoncello**—Herr Daubert. **Vocalists**—Miss Anna Williams and Mr F. King. **Piano**—Miss Synger. **Conductors**—Mr HAMILTON CLARKE and Mr CHARLES MARSHALL. **Stalls Reserved** and Numbered, 7s. 6d.; Unreserved, 5s. **Tickets** at the Hall or the National Training School for Music, Kensington.

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**A NEW QUARTET.**  
"ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?" as a **QUARTET** will be sung at Aldersgate Street, on April 23rd (by Mdme FRANCES BROOKE, Miss EMILIE LLOYD, Mr HARPER KEATON, and Mr WALTER FLETCHER), and at all Mr Marchant's Concerts during the season.

"ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?"  
**MR JOHN CROSS** will sing ASCHER's popular Romance, "ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?" at his Concert at the Cavendish Rooms, on April 21st; at Wisboro', Hortham (by desire), on April 23rd; and (by request) at Highgate, April 29th.

"ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?"  
**MR LEONARD POYNTER** will sing ASCHER's popular Romance, "ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?" at Gravesend Assembly Rooms, on the evening of April 26th.

"THE IRON FOUNDERS."  
**MR ARTHUR GRAHAM** will sing WELLINGTON GUERNSEY's new Song, "THE IRON FOUNDERS," at Mr John Cross's Concert, on the 28th inst., at the Cavendish Rooms.

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**THE RETURN OF THE ARMY.** Duet for Tenor and Bass. Words by N. GABRIEL. Music by FREDERIC PENNA. Price 4s. London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

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**JUST PUBLISHED. "ON THE GOLDEN SANDS."**

Words by MARY MARK LEMON. Music by ISIDORE DE LARA. Price 4s.

"On the golden sands, on the golden sands,  
When the sun set over the sea,  
And revealed the shore of the far off lands,  
I wandered there with thee.  
We heard the flow of the ceaseless waves,  
And watched their foam-touched crest,  
And our hearts were full of mystery,  
And sweet, unfathomed rest."

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## SAURET AND THE "MANNERGESANGVEREIN" IN VIENNA.\*

It is a well-known fact that excessive politeness may sometimes become exceedingly annoying, even when such a result is not expected—at concerts. The exaggerated amiability of the public here, who make a kind of sport of applauding and calling artists on, is met by equally passionate gratitude on the part of those thus distinguished. At the grand concert of the German Aid-Association, all the artists who had a re-call considered themselves bound to repeat the piece or give an additional one. Luckily, they were all eminent, and each was naturally welcome with his *Da Capo*. But as none wanted to be behind the rest in the amiable readiness to oblige, the first part of the concert was swollen out to twice its proper length, and the second commenced when the whole entertainment should have been over. But public curiosity was especially directed to this second theatrical part, the performance of *Der Schauspielfdirector*. It was ten o'clock (the very clocks were repeaters) when the work began before an audience already wearied. Everyone who quietly slipped out before the last bar, so as to escape with some fewer bruises than he might otherwise have borne away from the scuffle in the cloak-room, was duly punished; he found the doors closed by order of the high authorities, and the attendants gruff. The directors, consequently, kept the public in safe custody till nearly eleven. There were fruitless entreaties and angry speeches. The moral of this by no means fabulous but strictly truthful story is: Never repeat a piece thoughtlessly. When you are called on, the public certainly wish to see your worthy self again, but do not, as a matter of course, want you to repeat your piece.

The proceedings were opened by M. Emile Sauret, the violin-virtuoso, whom, after his performance at the concert of the Männergesangverein, we were recently able to praise so very highly. On the present occasion we must somewhat modify our commendation. When a virtuoso plays so unequally how can it surprise anyone that criticism also is unequal? Sauret gave the first movement of Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto, a work in which his virtuoso nature does not feel at home, and from which the superiority of our greatest German violinists should warn him to keep aloof. Under his bow the composition sounded cold and superficial, as though frozen by unsatisfied vanity. It did not even seem in tune. Sauret feels much more at home in Ernst's "Air Hongrois," but this bravura piece also was wanting in undeviating purity and steadiness. Sauret, for whom at other times nothing is too difficult, appeared on this occasion to be playing a sort of game of hazard with the technical difficulties, and did not always win. Pianoforte virtuosity found in Herr Xaver Scharwenka an admirable exponent; what he gave us (three pieces of his own composition with the inevitable "additional one") was of a very modest character, but how rendered, down to the very slightest details, may be characterised as perfect. Madame Caroline Gompertz-Bettelheim, who had volunteered her services for the benevolent object in view, was extraordinarily successful with Rossi's well-known air from *Mitron*, and Schubert's "Erlkönig." We made the acquaintance of Herr David Rey's magnificent bass voice at a recent concert; on this occasion he sang "Der Wanderer," and, in answer to a call, gave it again. The arrangement, by Hellmesberger, for violins, harp, and organ, of Handel's "Arioso," which has been repeated to satiety at the concerts of the present season, as the same master's "Largo" was last year, had also to be repeated as a matter of course. Piquant effects of sound are no doubt obtainable by exotic instrumentation, yet such coquettish tricking out of old Handelian airs and such employment of the rouge pot is, after all, but a very amateurish amusement. We hear that a rival, fired by a desire to emulate this example, and envious of the success achieved, has already arranged some airs from Bach's *Matthäus-Passion* for the "Estudiantina Figaro."

The principal feature of the concert was, as stated above, the comic piece interspersed with songs, Mozart und Schikaneder, oder *Der Schauspielfdirector*, with Mad. Pauline Lucca as Aloisia Lange. The public, who justly promised themselves a treat from every new part this lady undertakes, were especially delighted at the idea of hearing so celebrated a daughter of Vienna sing and speak for once in her own home-dialect. And right splendidly

did her double talent as singer and actress sparkle; for permanent brilliancy the part affords no opportunity. Next to her we must mention Herr Gustav Hölzl, the ever fresh veteran, as Schikaneder. Appreciation of old services was combined with a lively present impression, and thus after a long absence from the stage Herr Hölzl met with as warm a welcome as he did twenty years ago at the Kärntnerthor-Theater. Herr Albin Swoboda, as Mozart, did not quite come up to the expectations formed of him; he has adopted a peculiarly ironical, and almost arrogant tone which is certainly not in keeping with Mozart's kindly and frank disposition. The two characters of the fair singer, Uhlisch, and of the nephew, Phillip, were sustained by Mdle Baier and Herr Lucca, talented but unfinished pupils of the Conservatory. Both have to master the indispensable and fundamental condition of all dramatic success: the art of speaking plainly. Herr Leo Friedrich, from the Burgtheater, played on the stage only the small part of the Servant, but behind the scenes—namely, as director of the whole performance—his responsibilities were far greater and more important. And how about the success of the piece as a whole? Leaving out of consideration certain moments in the performance of Mad. Lucca and that of Hölzl, the thickly packed audience seemed disappointed. It is, properly speaking, a good sign that they were wearied by the work, which has justly disappeared from our operatic stage, never the place for it. With a most uninteresting plot and insipid dialogue, the work is, moreover, a downright degradation of Mozart, who is made to play a very poor figure in it. What, despite all this, has preserved Louis Schneider's wretched stuff so long is the inexhaustible charm of Mozart's melodies—the "Bandel-Terzett," &c., which are woven up with it. The overture and the duet of the two rivals: "Ich bin die erste Sängerin," are taken from Mozart's intermezzo, *L'Impresario* (composed for some Court-festivities at Schönbrunn in 1786). Could not these and other vocal pieces by the same master be strung upon some comic plot which would not assail the character of the master himself?

The outcome of diverse romantic presentiments of spring, a cold namely, prevented us from attending the concert of the violin virtuoso, Herr Johann Hrimaly. This gentleman, who boasts of a name so difficult to pronounce, has been described to us by a competent judge as a very eminent artist, and his concert as one of the most successful this season. It is to be hoped he is not played out. We have, too, received highly favourable reports of the concerts given by Herr Hintersteiner, teacher of singing, whose pupils bore striking testimony to the results achieved by his method of instruction. The Sacred Concert which is given every year by the Männergesangverein, and which has migrated from the church to the hall of the Musical Association—to the great advantage of the singers, the public, and the charitable institutions which benefit by the receipts—took place before an unusually numerous and appreciative audience. The men's choruses, conducted by Kremser and Weinwurm, as well as the effective singing with which Mdle Rosa Bernstein, the contralto, graced the programme, were rewarded by liberal applause.—The seventh Philharmonic Concert procured us the rare pleasure of again hearing Herr Theodor Leschetitzky for the first time this long while. He played, from memory, Saint-Saëns' C minor Concerto not only with perfect mechanism but with clever conception as well as with boldness and elegance of detail, the whole full of individual animation. His style of play is thoroughly suited to the character of this interesting and effective composition. It is to be hoped that, encouraged by the extraordinary success of his performance, Herr Leschetitzky may in future appear more frequently than he has done. The other pieces in the programme were well-known; instead of, as originally announced, Weber's overture to the *Beherrscher der Geister*, a piece which has been worn threadbare, another work, still more threadbare, namely Mendelssohn's *Melusine*, was substituted. For some years the Philharmonic has moved in an extremely narrow circle of overtures, though this form of art is one especially well represented in musical literature.

EDUARD HANSLICK.

WEIMAR.—A "music-drama," *Agnes Bernauer*, has proved a success at the Grand Ducal Theatre. Both libretto and music are by a young composer, Herr Felix Mottel, who, though influenced by Wagner, displays individuality of his own.

\* From the *Neue Freie Presse*.



## MR SIMS REEVES.

(From the "Daily Telegraph.")

For some time past rumour has been busy with the name of Mr Sims Reeves in a manner which, though neither unexpected nor surprising, has produced exactly the effect of the sudden and startling. When a favourite artist remains before the public during more years than number a generation, and, by carefully husbanding his resources, counteracts to some extent the inroads of time, the public are sensible neither of the desire nor the provocation to think about his retirement. It is accepted without thought that what has been will be, and when the end comes full in view, the result of an ordinary and inevitable process of nature seems both extraordinary and arbitrary. The bruit of Mr Reeves's retirement has served to illustrate this general truth, though, perhaps, many persons have put it aside as mere gossip, having no foundation in fact. For once, however, gossip is right. Mr Reeves has, we understand, fixed the limit of time beyond which his public appearances will not extend, and when that point is reached, one of the most remarkable singers to whom England—or, for that matter, Europe—has given birth will vanish from the scene. Having regard to the power which Mr Reeves retains, and the applause he is yet able to command, the task of reconciling his now avowed purpose with the duty of working not only while it is day, but absolutely till the night cometh, seems difficult. But no man in Mr Reeves's position can afford to lag upon the stage a moment longer than he is able to justify his past reputation. He does well to err, if err he must, upon the safe side, leaving his name and fame while yet he can add to both, rather than, as a superfluous veteran, lowering them in the estimation of a sensitive and uncharitable world. Taking this into account, Mr Sims Reeves's resolution cannot be gainsaid. He might, no doubt, continue long before the public, and present the wreck of his old self to a generation ignorant of what he was in his prime. But he is better advised when he withdraws from active life before the Sims Reeves of decaying powers has damaged the Sims Reeves of pristine strength.

The career of Mr Reeves, so conspicuous and in its outline so simple, is a matter of common knowledge. It may be, however, that few of the younger generation of musical amateurs have a correct idea as to the space of time that career covers. Forty-one years, less two months have passed since the now-great artist, then a young man of eighteen, made his *début* as a baritone at the theatre of Newcastle-upon-Tyne. It was the fashion to vary theatrical performances in that day by means of vocal pieces sung between the acts, and in the modest capacity of an *entracte* singer, Mr Reeves began his public life. His splendid natural gifts served him well, although not then allied to an exceptional amount of culture, and in 1842 he is found at Drury-Lane singing in *As You Like It* and other plays, under Macready. A year later "Mr J. Reeve" formed part of the company engaged at the same establishment, with Miss Clara Novello—who made her *début* in Pacini's *Saffo*—Mrs Alfred Shaw, Mr H. Phillips, and other well-known artists. But the advance of the young tenor was not at this time specially rapid, owing to lack of further artistic culture. Nothing daunted, but, indeed, proclaiming a resolution to stand some day at the head of his profession, Mr Reeves sought, first in Paris and next in Milan, the technical qualities for lack of which his progress was barred. In 1846 he was again in London, but it was not till 1847 that the now well-educated young vocalist came "squarely" before the English public and conquered their goodwill at a stroke. On Dec. 6 in that year Mr Sims Reeves—"Mr J. Reeve" no longer—appeared at Drury Lane, then under the management of M. Jullien, and won a great success as Edgardo in Donizetti's *Lucia*, the famous Berlioz being conductor. Apropos to this *début*, as it may fairly be called, the words of a contemporary critic are worth quoting: "*The new tenor, Mr Sims Reeves, achieved, and deservedly achieved, the most unequivocal success we have witnessed on the English stage for a quarter of a century. Mr Reeves's voice is a pure tenor of delicious quality, the tones vibrating and equal throughout. . . . We have heard no voice out of Italy so decidedly Italian as Mr Reeves's. It is Italian in character and in timbre, and there is the Italian feeling in his style. . . . He is now an accomplished—indeed, we may add a great singer, and it will be his own fault if he do not become one of the greatest artists upon the modern stage.*"

From this time forth, having leaped into fame with a single effort, Mr Reeves lived in the fierce light that beats upon a popular artist, and added success to success, after a fashion which the biographer will one day find it interesting to tell. His reputation, the basis of which had been laid as Edgardo, was enhanced during the same season by his performance as Lyonnell in Balfe's *Maid of Honour*, an opera founded upon the story told in Flotow's *Martha*, and still remembered for the charming ballad, "In this old chair my

father sat." Shortly after Mr Sims Reeves appeared at Covent-garden, playing there the parts of Elvino in *La Sonnambula*, and Loredan, in Auber's *Haydée*, the manager being Mr Bunn, and Signor Schira the conductor. But his labours, even at this early period, were not confined to the lyric stage. Fame so suddenly gained there opened roads to fame elsewhere, and Mr Reeves appeared at the Worcester Festival of 1848, as, also, at that of Norwich in the same year. The position thus secured he had no difficulty in retaining till, in course of time, for reasons deemed sufficient, the connection between the popular tenor and provincial festivals was gradually severed. In the concert-room Mr Reeves made a not less conspicuous figure than in the opera-house and festival-hall. He appeared with great success, in December, 1848, at the Wednesday Concerts, conducted by the late Mr Stammers; his first most memorable "hits" being made in Weber's "O, 'tis a glorious sight," and Diddin's "Bay of Biscay." Established now at all points, the famous tenor had nothing to do but reap a rich reward. How he appeared in Italian opera, both at Her Majesty's Theatre and Covent-garden—where, by the way, on a special occasion, he sang the couplets of the Huguenot soldier in Meyerbeer's great work—how he reached the pinnacle of renown as an oratorio vocalist by his magnificent delivery of "The enemy said," at the experimental Handel Festival at the Crystal Palace in 1857, and how thenceforward he held, beyond dispute, the place at the head of his profession to which his youthful ambition pointed, every reader of musical history well knows. To the question whether Mr Reeves fairly won the honours of his long career an answer is unnecessary. Art, like Wisdom, is "justified of her children," and successive generations of amateurs cannot be mistaken when, without a dissentient voice, they proclaim an artist's greatness, and support their verdict against the insidious assaults of familiarity and time.

Mr Reeves's admirers will be glad to know that his retirement is not instant, but so arranged as to extend over a considerable period, the object being to give a series of farewell performances which shall present the great artist in circumstances as varied and comprehensive as possible. His proximate appearance at Mr Ganz's Orchestral Concerts—where his son, Mr Herbert Reeves, will make his *début*—can hardly be looked upon as part of the valedictory process. But next autumn the veteran artist, accompanied by his son, and, let us hope, his successor, will begin the farewell in Ireland, returning to London for a series of engagements during the ensuing winter and summer. In the autumn of 1881 Mr Reeves proposes to make a final tour through Great Britain, and to sing both in opera and oratorio in London during the rest of the year. These will be his closing performances, and having made his *début* on the lyric stage as Edgardo, as Edgardo he will take leave of it. There only remains to hope that the artist's strength may be equal to his task, and that when the parting is over as much reason for gratitude may exist on his side as assuredly will operate on the side of the public.

## MR WARWICK JORDAN.

At the final meeting of the fourth season of the Lewisham Orchestral Society, on Saturday, the 10th inst., Mr Warwick Jordan was presented by the members with a testimonial consisting of a very handsome gold chain and locket, together with the following inscription engrossed on parchment:

TO C. WARWICK JORDAN, ESQ., MUS. BAC. OXON., CONDUCTOR OF THE LEWISHAM ORCHESTRAL SOCIETY.

"We, the undersigned members of the Lewisham Orchestral Society, desire to tender you our thanks for the able and energetic manner in which you have conducted our society for the past four seasons, and to express how highly we appreciate your talent as a musician, and your ability as a conductor.

We ask your acceptance of the accompanying gold chain and locket, which we hope you will wear in affectionate remembrance of those who have been associated with you for so many years. That your life may long be spared to your family, to your friends, and to this society, is the sincere wish of us all.  
(Signed by all the Members.)

MILAN.—The Società Orchestrale della Scala have announced six concerts: two orchestral and choral, two for unpublished works. A "Pater" and an "Ave," by Verdi, will be performed under the direction of the composer. Among other "novelties" is a "Minuetto" by Boccherini.—A French company, under M. Rey, is playing at the Teatro Manzoni. The chief attractions are *Madame Favart* and *La Petite Mademoiselle*.

## ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

Mr Gye did wisely on Tuesday night to open his theatre with *Le Roi de Lahore*. It was a leading novelty last season—the first under his direction; and subscribers will bear him no ill will, but, on the contrary, have reason to be thankful for his reproducing it thus early. *Le Roi de Lahore* offers a vehicle for scenic effect of which only an establishment of well-nigh unlimited resources could effectively take advantage; and that it is presented at Covent Garden with gorgeous splendour is by unanimous consent acknowledged. After its manner, indeed, as a lyrico-dramatic spectacular display it may take rank with the *Prophète*, the *Africaine*, and *Aida*; while in regard to the execution musically considered, Mr Gye has in his company the right people in the right places.

To discuss again the fantastic legend which M. Louis Gallet has made the theme of his libretto would be superfluous. Enough that during four acts out of five we are on earth, while during the third we are in a heaven where one of the gods of India reigns supreme. Here—after death at the hands of a traitorous rival—Alim, King of Lahore, has been transported. Unsatisfied with the seductions of his new abode, however, the lead-star of his affection, a certain Nair, priestess in the sacred temple, being still a dweller upon earth, Alim solicits Indra to allow him once more to visit the home of mortals. His request is no sooner preferred than acceded to by that serene and easily persuaded deity—on condition, however, that he shall return to life, not as King of Lahore, but as a personage of no account, and rejoin the object of his attachment with an understanding that the moment of her death shall also be that of his own. Thus privileged, Alim goes back to earth and meets his beloved when just on the point of becoming the unwilling consort of the rival who has usurped his throne. The death of Nair, and that simultaneously of Alim, follow as matters of course, succeeded by the translation of the two devoted lovers to that celestial abode which would have been distasteful to either when separated from the other. With the scenes of tumult, storm, and battle, forming the background to this simple oriental legend, our readers are familiar; and these, with the ballet of Houris in the Paradise of Indra, constitute the *raison d'être* of the scenic magnificence to which reference has been made. About the music of M. Massenet there is little or nothing to add to what has been previously written. Of its kind it is admirably suited to the purpose; but that it owes something to *Aida*, and still more to the *Africaine*, is indisputable. In short, though French at bottom, M. Massenet's score may be described as a more or less ingenious mixture of the styles of Verdi and Meyerbeer, when those composers are in an especially melodramatic mood. The first act is the best, both in design and treatment, and the romance, "O casta fior," interpolated in Act IV., expressly for M. Lassalle, but that it is out of character as proceeding from the lips of so unscrupulous a villain as Scindia, Alim's minister, rival, and betrayer, might be cited as the gem of the opera. The orchestration is throughout highly coloured, though manifestly deficient in light and shade.

The performance generally of *Le Roi de Lahore* is quite equal to that of last summer. Mlle Turolla, Mr Gye's young and promising soprano, imparts all the desired expression to the character of Nair, for which in grace of manner and impulsive earnestness she is precisely suited; and it is a pity that the long and difficult soliloquy assigned to her in the last act, into which she throws so much well-felt energy, does not occur before her powers have been so severely taxed. Mlle Pasqua, as the faithful Kaled, is what we remember her ten months since, her marked effect being created, as then, in the pleasing romance, "Sulla Mandola." Señor Gayarre, with his fine voice, manly bearing, and warmth of sentiment, is just the tenor M. Massenet himself might have selected for Alim; while the Scindia of M. Lassalle receives and merits all the applause bestowed upon it when he first appeared as "a stranger" before our operatic audiences. The "hit" of the evening on Saturday, in fact, was this artist's impassioned delivery of the romance, "O casta fior." The remaining parts—except that of Indra, which fell to Signor De Reszke (the same, if we are not mistaken, who, as "Signor De Reschi," appeared at Her Majesty's Opera, Drury Lane, in 1874) were sustained as before, Signor Silvestri being again the High Priest, Timoor. The chorus and orchestra, under the direction of Signor Vianesi, were excellent throughout; the ballet, with Mlles Zuliani and Reuters as leading dancers, added materially to the attractions of the third

act; and the whole was a good "first-night" prognostication of what the public has to expect hereafter. Of course, the opera was preceded by the National Anthem.

*La Favorita* was performed on Thursday, with Mlle Pasqua as Leonora, Sig. Gayarré as Ferdinando, Sig. Graziani as Alphonso IX., and Sig. Capponi as Baldassare. (Of this more next week.) For to-night we are promised *Lucia*—the *rentrée*, after an entire season's absence of that universal favourite, Madame Albani.—*Graphic*.

## AMENITIES OF THE CONCERT-ROOM.

DEAR MR EDITOR,—I attended the concert at the Crystal Palace last Saturday, and, after enjoying the closing symphony, I was leaving the gallery, steeped in Beethoven, and thinking that *had* there been such a discordant element as a "savage breast" among the audience it must surely feel soothed and calmed, when, lo! my pleasing reverie was suddenly scared and scattered—I was brought up, and my dreams were brought down from cloud-land by an exclamation of "Take care, old lady, mind my hat!" Horrified, I turned to see whether, perchance, some costermonger might have inadvertently strayed into the haunts of gentler beings; but, no! If good broadcloth be the test of a gentleman, there stood a decidedly elderly one, glaring at me with angry eye, and fumbling at his hat, which, I suppose, I must have touched in passing. "Ah! me," thought I, "the strains of the great master have failed to soothe *this* savage breast!" However, upon reflecting that I had lived out of England for some time, in a benighted country, where the natives address a lady as "Madame," I bethought me that this might be the modern style of civilisation; therefore, adjusting my eye-glass (to make sure that he was not too juvenile), I politely replied, "I beg your pardon, old gentleman." Instead of being pacified, he glared more furiously than before, and I was glad to beat a retreat, and to meditate, on my way home, upon music and manners in England in the nineteenth century! I hope the individual was not a disappointed composer. Can you throw any light upon the subject? Yours faithfully,

N. (= 280) IN THE CORNER.

We can throw light in this instance. The "individual" was "a disappointed composer," awaiting his chance—one of the many disappointed, who would, if they could, make an example of August Manns.—D. B.

MR MAX STRAKOSCH'S FORTHCOMING SEASON.—You may take it as a matter of fact that Mr Max Strakosch will next autumn cease the performances of Italian Opera which have this season proved so disastrous through the States. He is now endeavouring to get up a company from Europe of artists capable of singing either English or Italian. But he intends to start next September on a six months' tour through the United States, his chief works being: Boito's *Mefistofele*, Wagner's *Lohengrin*, Verdi's *Aida*, and other works of the grand opera school, in English. As to Mr Mapleson, there is a talk that he will next season spend a portion at least of his time in Canada, passing afterwards through the States to San Francisco. This, however, is at present merely a proposition; while the English operatic scheme of Mr Max Strakosch is a decided fact.—*New York Musical Review*.

MR KUHE'S LATE MUSICAL FESTIVAL.—As the musical events of the great metropolis send their reflections even into the distant parts of the provinces, so sometimes we have echoes here in London of the doings in provincial towns.

Now we have to record, and not for the first time, the harmony heard in your beautiful watering-place, and to acknowledge how much the music-loving Brightonians are indebted to Mr Kuhe for his enterprise. It would be gross egotism on my part, after the lengthy comments you have bestowed upon the Festival, to do more than say that we hear the echo of its artistic success with sincere gratification. I should, however, be wanting in that interest I am always impressing upon others if I did not say that these musical events produce a marked impression, and are regarded here as calculated to fan the flame of creditable rivalry, which we trust will ever stimulate all true lovers of music to give to those around them that which has been a source of pleasure to themselves. Musical events like those just witnessed in your fair town should not be forgotten, and as we have not got too much of the "sacred fire" burning here, we are always willing to warm ourselves by the reflection you kindly send us. (*Brighton Guardian*). "PROGNOP."

## A PROTEST OF SOME WATER.

## Clausum Fregit.

Jno Bull has himself solved the question beyond further dispute. Never did mystic turn himself inside out—cast his skin, swallow his own tail, in fact—so cleverly as he (Bull—our *Longtongued* correspondent), in the communication now addressed to the Editor of the *Musical World*, who, with the aid of Pencerdd Gwffyn, at the outset twiggd him. Let our readers judge:—

(To the Editor of the "*Musical World*.")

The "Hammer" falls but it does not always hit on the head the right nail. The nail was not in Jno Bull's composition, the hammer, therefore, hit nothing that deserved to be knocked in or smashed. As the object of the hammer's vigorous attack, which was supposed to have on its surface an improper or intruding nail, was tolerably solid in its construction according to certain rules or principles of one Blair (though Doctor, not in any way related to the Great-Pill man, save by that very common relationship men bear to each other by reason of all having sprung from Adam), the only harm done was to the hammer. But perhaps said Blair is deemed antiquated. In that case Jno Bull must move with the times in which we live, and go wrong—strike his conservative colours and follow the suit of so many of the British constituencies, forsake the principles based upon right and plunge headlong into a sea of uncertainty. In this performance he will be showing himself a genuine "Britisher," a man easily awayed—made to be the puppet of his fellowmen, if the latter can pour out torrents of eloquent abuse or abusive eloquence. The question then will be, how soon will he cease to be glad at what he has done, and sink to the very bottom of his own estimation, as a stone thrown into the sea? But, on the other hand, if Blair be not antiquated, then Jno Bull must declare himself a genuine citizen, and like the Bankers, Merchants, Liverymen and Lord Mayors, stand to his "conservatism" and return the representatives of his principles by overwhelming majorities; and, using the language of one of the unsuccessful candidates for the City of London, who said he did not expect to have "such a thundering thrashing," allow his opponents to inflict upon themselves the kind of castigation which occasioned the would-be City representative so much surprise. April 3.

"It is the last hair that breaks the camel's back." More of a dromedary than of a camel, he ("Bull") has with singular adroitness broken his own back, and now, like the ostrich, buries his head in the earth, lest he should witness the feathers being drawn compulsorily from his tail. Never mind, old *Annep Kneiderf*! Accept your "Maunday" from

Otto Bearb.

Caught at last.



Ygall!

LEPORELLO (*blubbing*).—Oh! oh! He's got the wrong man!

## LETTERS FROM WELL-KNOWN MUSICIANS.

(New Series.)

No. I.

FROM ZACHARIAH BUCK.

MY DEAR SIR,—The Festival Committee met this afternoon and decided upon having Dr Bexfield's oratorio and Mr Pierson's. The former is designated *Israel Restored* and Mr Pierson's *Jerusalem*. Dr Bexfield being entirely my pupil, I am not an unprejudiced person, and no one can get me to say which oratorio I prefer, because on public matters I deem it morally wrong to mix private feelings. Mr Pierson is a son of the former Dean of Salisbury, Dr Pierson, and his great patron is the Archbishop of Canterbury, a bosom friend of Mr P.'s father. He studied under Dr Walmisley at Cambridge, and for the last thirteen years has been pursuing his love for the highest branches of composition in Germany. I mention these matters, thinking you might like to insert them in the *Musical World* on Saturday; but the purport of this note is to renew my invitation to you to stay with me from Saturday before the Festival for the week. I have only to regret that my pupil's oratorio is to be done, as it leaves me not so free as I should be under other circumstances, but I pledge you my word that I shall not mention the subject of either Dr Bexfield's oratorio or Mr Pierson's. "Art knows no relationship," and I am now independent of my profession, and only care about it as a matter of science. \* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \* I shall hope for a chat or two with you on musical and other matters. I envy you the power of writing as you do. Will you kindly let me have a reply to this, as I have only one spare room. You must not "say me nay."—My dear sir, sincerely yours,

Z. BUCK.

Upper Close, Norwich.

[The courteous invitation was as courteously declined.—W. D. D.]

## BRUSSELS.

(Correspondence.)

Last year, a comic opera, *Georges Dandin*, proved a total failure at the Théâtre de la Monnaie; nothing daunted, the composer, M. Émile Mathieu, a young Belgian, offered *La Bernoise*, another work of the same kind. It has been produced with a success fully making up for the previous discomfiture. The following are the operas, by native composers, to be given at the Monnaie during the Festival of Belgian Independence: *Richard Cœur-de-Lion*, Grétry; *Quentin Durward*, Gevaert; *Gilles Raveuseur*, Grisar; *Les Monténégrins*, Linnander; and *Le Béarnais*, Radoux. By a ministerial decree, the managers are authorised to keep the theatre open during July and August, under the obligation of producing at least three of the above. Each work must be given six times. The Government binds itself to contribute towards the expenses of scenery and dresses one hundred thousand francs over and above the grant of twenty-five thousand francs voted by the Town.—Mad. Essipoff was extraordinarily successful at the last Popular Concert. She played several solos, besides Chopin's F minor Concerto, one of her *chevaux de Bataille*.

## ST GEORGE'S HALL, LIVERPOOL.

Programme of Organ Recital by Mr W. T. Best.

THURSDAY EVENING, APRIL 15th:—

Fantasia on a Choral, in E major	...	...	W. T. Best.
Adagio from the Sonata, "L'Invocation"*	...	...	Dussek.
Organ Concerto, in A minor	...	...	Bach.
Andante con moto (Series of Organ Pieces, No. 1, in B flat)	...	...	H. Smart.
Trio, "Words are weak" Solomon	...	...	Handel.
Overture to the Oratorio, <i>The Fall of Babylon</i> ...	...	...	Spohr.

\* Is this the only slow movement by Dussek with which the versatile Liverpool organist is acquainted?—W. D. D.

MEININGEN.—Hans von Bülow is engaged in reorganising the Ducal Orchestra and raising it to the proper standard of numerical strength, the Duke leaving everything to his discretion.

BREMEN.—The first performance of a choral work, *Frühlingsnacht*, by Theod. Henschel, composer of *Melusine* and *Lancelot*, is fixed for the 18th inst.



## MICHAEL IVANOVITCH GLINKA.

(From his Memoirs and Correspondence.)\*

(Continued from page 217.)

## III.

Amid his very busy life, Glinka cherished one desire: that of travelling and becoming acquainted with the South of Europe. His father opposed the project. Luckily, an old doctor at Smolensk managed to discover "a quadrille of maladies dancing in the young man's body," and on the 25th April, 1830, Michael started, accompanied by Ivanof, the singer, to drink the waters in Germany and visit Italy.

We will pass over the incidents of his journey. When he arrived in Milan and had taken lodgings near the Cathedral, "the view of that magnificent church . . . the town itself, the pureness of the sky, the black eyes of the fair Milanese, and their graceful and elegant mantillas" threw him into a state of enthusiasm easy to conceive.

He has already informed us that in his youth he was not extraordinarily fond of men's society; he preferred that of the ladies, who, on their part liked him because he was an excellent singer and a pianist always ready to play when requested. The number of fair friends he names in his reminiscences referring to his stay in Italy is considerable. To all appearance, the acquaintanceship never exceeded the limits of honourable intimacy. Yet, with an ingenuousness which calls up a smile, he informs us that, after publishing his earliest musical compositions,† he was compelled to renounce dedications, "because they gave rise to tittle-tattle and excited jealousy." Subsequently, and after his marriage, he had some less Platonic adventures, but, as the account of them is only moderately interesting, we will pass it over in silence. In the chapters of the *Memoirs* devoted to Italy, we shall notice only what relates to music and to the artists he met. That very year, Duprez was engaged at Milan. His voice, says Glinka, was somewhat slight but fresh. "He already sang a little in the French fashion, that is to say, he accented affectedly every note."‡

While his companion, Ivanof, was improving himself in the art of singing under the direction of Professor Bianchi, Glinka went for lessons in counterpoint to Francesco Basili, director of the Milan Conservatory. But the bell-ringer of Novopasskoiey rebelled decidedly against this severe style of study: four-part counterpoint of the second kind, which, as Basili thought, would sharpen the musical intelligence (*sottilizar l'ingegno*) of his pupil, simply disgusted him.

In 1830, the Scala Theatre possessed an exceptionally good company, with Donizetti and Bellini as *maestri di orchestra*. Towards the end of the season, Glinka had the good fortune to witness the first performance of *La Sonnambula*.

"This impatiently expected work made, despite its defects, a prodigious impression. As the last performances drew near, Pasta and Rubini, who played the principal parts, and were desirous of supporting Bellini, their favourite composer, sang with downright enthusiasm. In the pathetic finale of the second act, they wept in reality. It was, most assuredly, strange to see everyone, with the Carnival in full swing, giving way to emotion and weeping on the stage, in the stalls, and in the boxes. I was usually seated in the stage-box belonging to the Russian Embassy, and I and my companions shed a reasonable amount of tears."

Glinka and Ivanof began to be known in Milan; people talked about the two *maestri russi*, one of whom sang and the other composed pieces for the piano. In 1831, Glinka made the acquaintance of the pianist and composer Pollini, an original, if we may judge by the few lines our author consecrates to him:

"Pollini was one of the most remarkable artists I ever met. To him and to no one else, it must be admitted, is due the inauguration

of the system of modern virtuosity. By the way, Liszt, also, was of this opinion; one day that I was talking to him about it, he told me he had written an article to this effect, though I no longer remember where.§

"At the time I knew him, Pollini was eighty. He still enjoyed good health, thanks, he said, to a reasonable hygienic system, in conformity with which he never eat any meat, but lived exclusively on vegetables, fruit, and milk diet. This had not prevented him from preserving all his faculties; despite his age, he played his own music admirably, though it was full of complications insurmountable for every other virtuoso. He drew out from the piano a distinguished and refined sonority very different to the sounds extracted by the Milanese *maestri*, all of whom had pitiless fingers.||

"Pollini sincerely loved his art. He began by writing operas, but, perceiving that in this style he should never produce anything particularly original, he determined to give his powers another direction. Success crowned his efforts. He made at Milan a great reputation; known and esteemed by all artists, he was very intimate with Rossini, who one day, at his house, sang the whole of *Otello* 'without roulades.'

"Despite all these advantages, art was not a source of revenue for Pollini. He derived the means of existence from something else. He had invented a purifying fluid which he called *Eau de M. POLLINI*, and of which he sold large quantities at the rate of a ducat the flask."

(To be continued.)

## LOOKING BACK.\*

I.	In memory of our love to-night I drop this bitter tear; In memory of thy early death, thy form's soft grace, The purity and truth which threw a halo round thy face. The bright, soft moon smiles down on me from out her fields of blue, But thy face and form, oh! nevermore, shall bless me with their view.
I am looking back! through years long past, Through joys long fled, through memories dead; Through pain and grief, which, like a web, Around my life the fates have cast. I am looking back! My joys were few While o'er my life dark sorrow threw Her sable mantle like a shroud. I did not wall with passion loud, But as a deep, dark river glides, Silent, unnoticed, towards the tide, I glided on, my woes unseen, My life unlighted by one beam Of warm affection; no fond heart beat Responsive to my own. Oh! feet, When I am dead Step lightly o'er my grave; your tread Might wake the slumbers of the quiet dead.	
II.	A chill creeps round my heart; my form feels turned to stone; The world to me seems darker than the grave, for I am left alone; Alone in this wide world; there is no sadder fate, Than in the midst of busy life, to feel you're desolate. Severed, oh! completely, from kindred and from friends; Some dead, some gone to other climes, each to their separate ends. And I am left alone on the stormy sea of life, To battle with its waves while I breathe the breath of life; To battle with its waves, with its surges dark and strong, Sometimes lifting me on high, sometimes hurrying me along; And sometimes in their strength burying me in depths of gloom. Till my soul feels all the darkness, all the anguish of the tomb.
Of brothers I had many; sisters, two; The love of one I shared not; the other grew Up with me side by side. I loved her then, When in our lonely home; I mourned her when God's angels called her hence. Oh! sister dear,	

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LARA COOTE (1880).

§ It is certain that Pollini was the first to employ systematically the plan which Thalberg afterwards appropriated: Melody in the medium of the piano, divided between the two hands, with arpeggios, runs, and ornamentation as accompaniment, bringing into play all the resources of the instrument. A remarkable composition of his, in this style, then new, is a piece entitled: "*Uno de trentadue esercizi in forma di toccata*," written on three staves, dedicated to Meyerbeer, and preceded by a letter to that master, in which Pollini thus expresses himself: "I wished to offer a simple melody, of more or less breadth and of varied character, combined with a variously rhythmized accompaniment, so as to induce the performer to distinguish the melodic part from the parts of the accompaniment by a special touch and a particular expression. (See Fétis, *Biographie Universelle*.)

|| Glinka returns here to his expression about "beating steaks," a figure of which he was evidently fond.

\* From *Le Ménestrel*.

† At this epoch, Glinka, yet at the commencement of his career, did not venture to fly with his own wings. Most of the pieces he published in Italy—and there was a tolerably large number of them—are transcriptions, fantasias, and serenades, on themes of Rossini, Bellini, and Donizetti.

‡ These words are in French in the original. Is it requisite to say that the writer of this notice is in no way responsible for the opinions enounced by the Russian composer? The reader will meet with some not very favourable to France. Ought they to have been omitted? Is it not beneficial for us, on the contrary, to read what a foreigner thinks of us, and, while sensible to praise, to learn how to bear criticism?

## MADAME MONTIGNY-RÉMAURY

Begs to announce that she will arrive in London EARLY in APRIL.  
All communications to be addressed to her, care of Messrs ERAUD,  
GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET, REGENT STREET.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

F. P.—Too late; an article on the same subject was already in type.

ERIN.—*The Lily of Killarney* won renewed popularity through its revival by the Carl Rosa English Opera Company. It was originally produced at Covent Garden Theatre, by the Royal English Opera, under the direction of the late Mr Alfred Mellon, in February, 1862, with Misses Louisa and Susan Pyne, Miss Jessie McLean, Messrs W. Harrison, Haigh, Patey, and Santley in the principal characters. The libretto was by the late Mr John Oxenford, who consulted Mr Dion Boucicault, author of *The Colleen Bawn*, while preparing it.—W. D. D.

FRA INSUTO.—Your pentameterical defence of Polkaw's Ewartian hexameters has not, up to this point, reached us. Nevertheless, your pledge was given in the more or less immediate presence of Ferdinando Gayarré, Leonora Pasquale, Vianesi of the Uplifted Dexter, Josiah Diapasono, and Santa Elisabetta. Bethink yourself resolutely, or—

## NOTE.

As a series of letters from well-known musicians addressed to various persons, and published some years ago in the MUSICAL WORLD, met with general approval, it is our intention to continue it from time to time. No. 1 of the new series, from the late Dr Zachariah Buck, organist of Norwich Festival, relating chiefly to Dr Bexfield's oratorio, *Jerusalem Restored*, produced on Thursday night, at the Royal Albert Hall, "for the first time in London," may possess more than ordinary interest for the inquiring reader. This oratorio was expressly composed for and performed at the Norwich Festival of 1852, under the direction of Dr Bexfield himself, to whom Mr (now Sir Julius) Benedict gracefully resigned the bâton on the occasion. The letter of Dr Buck, addressed to the at that period Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD, is now for the first time published.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.

## The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, APRIL 17, 1880.

MR ARTHUR SULLIVAN has further prolonged his stay in Paris, and will not leave till Sunday. (By Private Wire, F. C. B.—Paris, April 16th.)

## Enigma Solved.



On Change.

DR SHIPPING.—Schumann —  
DR QUINCE.—Robert —  
DR SHIPPING.—"Die beiden Grenadiere?"  
DR QUINCE.—Heine!  
DR SHIPPING.—Wagner —  
DR QUINCE.—Richard —  
DR SHIPPING.—"Die beiden Grenadiere?"  
DR QUINCE.—Heinrich!  
DR SHIPPING.—Hinc —  
DR QUINCE.—Ille —  
DR SHIPPING.—et cetera.

[Exeunt severally.]

## THE PRESENT CONDITION OF MUSICAL TASTE.

## III.

WHILE trying to discover some of the causes that operate against musical success in our public entertainments, I am aware that I set myself a difficult task. I know that it would not only be impolitic, but prejudicial to the art I admire, if I did not weigh carefully the arguments and illustrations I advance. A witness who speaks upon a subject familiar to him, if not always eloquent, should, at least, be accurate; so, taking my standpoint as one looking back some years, I commence by referring to the summer concerts at the Crystal Palace. The singers were for the greater part foreign artists—periodical visitors; the orchestra was that of the company, the chorus select and trustworthy; yet, the result could only be regarded as failure. The programmes consisted chiefly of airs, duets, and concerted pieces, repeated over and over, each concert being, more or less, an echo of its precursor. The public found that the operatic singers, by whose names they were chiefly attracted, could not be heard to advantage; and, as if this were not enough to damp the enthusiasm of legitimate amateurs, the refreshment counters, one on either side of the orchestra, kept up such a continual clatter that the music was supplied with anything but congenial "additional" accompaniments to the sounds of cup and saucer. Artistic success can hardly be obtained where such disturbances exist, and the censure of foreigners, asked to regard these meetings as illustrations of English musical taste, was painful to hear. Similar entertainments in the enclosed concert-room might have been not only attractive but have compared favourably with others where there is no orchestra to vary the performances.

When the Westminster Aquarium was first opened concerts were given. An excellent band was provided, artists of repute engaged, as well as a conductor of experience and ability. Every one could see that the place was unfitted for music, the transept not having been built as a concert-room, but as a "promenade," rendered more attractive by the exhibition of live fish. Amateurs, nevertheless, were heard to complain of the noises on all sides, more particularly from the refreshment tables. Twenty-three waiters, programme sellers, &c., passed between the orchestra and the public, walking over boards without matting, the boys calling out "programme," during the performance. The noise from the refreshment counters was to a degree irritating. On one occasion I left my seat during the performance of Mendelssohn's violin concerto, played by M. Victor Buzian, and determined to judge for myself as to the cause of these interruptions. I found a man in the supper-gallery counting forks and spoons and throwing them, one by one, into a basket. I expostulated with him and received the very unsatisfactory answer that the music was nothing to him and he had nothing to do with the music. It was his *dooty*, he said, to see that the "plate" was correct, and he did his *dooty*. I asked him whether he could not manage to do his duty a little more quietly, but he answered that that was no business of mine, he might just as well complain of the noise made by the music as I of the noise he was making; and, indeed, I found on all sides that the attendants were intent upon doing their *dooty*, and the fact that they made a little noise over it only the better evinced their activity.

Are the London public to be called "non-musical" because they do not patronise concerts thus conducted? I could multiply examples, but one more illustration must suffice. We have generally in autumn what are called "Promenade Concerts," at which the audience, numbering sometimes by thousands, may be divided between those who go to lounge about, occasionally listening to a few bars here and there, and those who go expressly for the sake of the music. The last category will mostly be found in the stalls or boxes, but especially in the gallery. Some content themselves by "standing fringe" round the stalls in front of the orchestra. In this class we have "Musical London"—not wealthy, but attentive. They come to hear the works of the great composers. They form a numerous and discriminating body, and listen to a symphony, from beginning to end, without impatience. In the gallery, it is a usual thing to see the score followed bar by bar, and as rare to hear talking, or observe any exhibition of weariness. These listeners are usually found when "classical" music is to be performed, and it is seldom that any of them leave during the first part, or stir from their places except between one piece and another. It would perhaps be going too far



to assert that all of them understand what they hear; but they endeavour to do so, and should be encouraged in their taste for that which is good. It is hard enough to sit with a draught at the back sufficient to cut you through, and a blazing chandelier in front blistering your eye-balls; but this is nothing when compared with the babel of plate clattering and bottle-opening proceeding from the refreshment department. That which cannot be cured must be endured, says the proverb, but certainly these noises might be kept under control. Bottles can be opened silently, even those containing effervescent liquids. I have been a careful watcher at promenade concerts, as I have been at other musical assemblies, and I give it as my decided opinion that these outrageous sounds might be checked. They are certainly not made by the audience; the attendants are to blame, and if a notice were put up in all parts of the building commanding silence during the performance and the attendants cautioned against opening bottles noisily, the audience would have an interest in seeing these rules enforced. At least the noisy operations might be reserved for certain intervals.

Between the Pont du Mont Blanc and the Pont des Bergues is "Rousseau's Island." It is united to the latter by a small chain pier, and here the inhabitants and the visitors to Geneva are accustomed to assemble and listen to the music of the town band. The orchestra looks very much like a tank turned on one side, and the audience sit in the open air, enjoying the cool breeze which sweeps over the blue waters of the Rhone, flowing into the lake. The band is first-rate, and the music generally of a high class. Although the place is nothing but a *café* and visitors sit under the spreading trees, not a whisper is heard. The attendants walk about like cats. Could not one of them be engaged to instruct our London waiters how to open a bottle silently. A few years ago I enjoyed an early evening concert here, and cannot forget the impression made upon me, not so much by the demeanour of the audience as the quiet way in which everything was conducted. The moment a piece was over away flew the corks and a very babel of voices rose from all sides, but the tap of the conductor's *bâton* in an instant restored order, and the attendants showed their respect for what was going on.

PHOSPHOR (excent.)

[About the waiters at Geneva showing "a respect for what was going on," we can only say that, knowing Geneva well, we know the Waiters of Geneva better. (*Happy thought*:—good name for a one-act farce with music—"The Waiters of Geneva."—F. C. B.) With regard to some of them being engaged to show our London waiters how "to open a bottle silently," we can only say, that, let our London waiters uncork a bottle in the open air, and they will not only uncork it silently, but possibly now and then as silently drink the contents. It is the duty of our London waiters, at the Aquarium, and other swimming or promenade concerts (promenade is good, as if people coming to walk about should be expected to stand)—it is the duty we say of our London waiters to open the bottles "noisily," so as to remind those near the orchestra that bottles are absolutely being opened; otherwise, how are they to know? Beethoven in the profound elaboration of a slow movement may have made them thirsty—and how, except by such timely warning, is their thirst to be allayed? (Ask Pencerdd Gwffyn.) That "man in the Supper Gallery" of the Aquarium, "counting forks and spoons, and throwing one by one into a basket," was either honestly "doing his dooty," as became him, or as a wag, at the expense of Mendelssohn and Victor Buziau, chaffing "Phosphor." Now it appears to us—"bipeds without feathers" (Voltaire)—that those who had left the music to partake of what the "forks and spoons" might administer were wiser in their generation than "Phosphor," who, out of morbid curiosity, quitted Buziau and Mendelssohn to watch the forks and spoons being thrown into the baskets "one by one," without having tasted a mouthful. Pencerdd Gwffyn will tell you, that if there be no chop a fork signifies nothing, and if no gravy a spoon signifies less. It would appear that no *knives* were thrown into the basket while Mendelssohn and Victor Buziau were exerting themselves to make silk

purses out of sow's ears, throwing, as it were, pearls before hogs. Why no knives?

Seriously, our Philanthropic and Philharmonic contributor has got into his head an Utopia, which, "as things"—to quote the too silent "Wag (we were about to say Wagner) tail,"—"seem getting worse," it would be hard for him to drive out. "Phosphor" may realise it in dreams by his own fire-side; but no where else. Promenade Concerts would not pay without the "promenaders," and promenaders will divert themselves in spite of "Phosphor" and his minority of eager enthusiasts, who want to hear quietly for a shilling what it costs the *entrepreneur* ten shillings to provide. We all love music in our own particular way; but if we desire to hear good music uninterruptedly we must go where to give it and allow it to be heard uninterruptedly profits the speculator as well as his patrons. Those who frequent the gallery at Promenade Concerts, score in hand, to "follow bar by bar," are either donkeys or make-believes—most probably the latter. It is useless to speculate on impossibilities. 500 shillings at a Promenade Concert make twenty pounds, of which one shilling makes a 500th part. How is it to be expected that the "500" will disturb (or undisturb) themselves for the "one," or that the *entrepreneur* will allow the "one" to come in for his own special amusement and bar out the "500"? That the more you can make the "500" take interest in what is intrinsically good, and that every theme by Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, &c., you can drive into their heads, so as to make them think of it hereafter, the better, we admit. This especially may be effected at St James's Hall, at the Crystal Palace, or (thanks to Charles Hallé) at Manchester Free Trade Hall—but at aquariums, large theatres, &c., it is difficult, if not, indeed, impracticable. Ask Coriolanus about the mob; he will tell you what ought to be—though to enthusiasts, like "Phosphor," never can be—familiar. That the Parisians, boasting no "oratorio" societies, still less Monday (and Saturday) "Popular Concerts" of chamber music, are our superiors in other respects, the performances under the direction of Padeloup and Colonne, where thousands may go to hear first-class orchestral music, suffice to prove. We have no more an orchestral Arthur Chappell in London than the Parisians have a duo-trio-quartet-quintet-sextet-septet-octet-nonet-sonata-chamber-music generalissimo Arthur Chappell in Paris. That the orchestras of August Manns at Sydenham and Charles Hallé at Manchester are better and better conducted than those of the Cirque and Châtelet in Paris, can only be denied by such as are musically careless; but in London proper, though we have excellent orchestras and excellent conductors, the "thousands" find no accommodation.

But what has all this to do with cup and saucer, fork and spoon, draught at back, chandeliers in front, clattering of plates, opening of bottles and Geneva waiters? Ask Pencerdd Gwffyn?—W. D. D.]

WE are sorry to inform our readers that, according to trustworthy report, the publication of our contemporary, *The Choir*, will shortly be discontinued. The loss of an art-paper so ably and decorously conducted will be a source of regret to many.

MR J. H. MAPLESON was to sail from New York to-day. It is reported that Her Majesty's Theatre will open on the 15th of May; but "report" has so often been wrong in these matters that we prefer waiting for the prospectus.

At the Crystal Palace Concert of to-day, the "Choral Symphony" will be the grand attraction—triumphant climax to a season full of interest, a general survey of which will appear in our next issue.

THE QUEEN has granted to Mr W. T. Best, organist of St George's Hall, Liverpool, a pension of one hundred pounds a year from Her Majesty's Civil List. No such favour could have been more worthily bestowed.

### To Polkaw.

DEAR MR POLKAW,—Schumann was an eagle without wings. He had the eagle eye and could soar in imagination (which admits no barriers); but in trying to lift his feet from the earth he stuck fast. Schopenhauer talks about "Will;" and Will (not Dick) Wagner, whose music Schopenhauer despised, has (after his manner) idealised Schopenhauer's theory in Siegfried, a wild animal with generous impulses, knowing not fear, or indeed anything else. A male must yield to him in fight, a female in love. Thus Wagner got rid of the gods, and put man in their place, forgetting that the gods were all of them symbols of Nature's various forces of productivity, destructivity, &c. Give me back Loge, who was lightning; Thor, who was thunder; Freia, who was (don't mention it), and the rest: give me back the gods of Scandinavia, who, after all, were but the gods of Ind and Egypt, made gracefully "classic" by the Greeks, and enervatingly "classic" by the Romans—which caused Flaccus to ignore them, Ovid to metamorphose them (as *Liszt—vide* Dannreuther of the Grove—metamorphoses his themes); Lucretius to talk about nothing, and Apuleius to—but enough. Give me back the gods I say—for without them the poets, whom Shelley rightly designates as "unacknowledged legislators of the world," are put to straits severer and more narrow than (*Be chesm!*) would suit either you, my dear Polkaw, or your sincere appreciator,

GROKER ROORES.

King and Beard, April 15.

### OCCASIONAL NOTES.

SOME American journals talk of an arrangement pending between Mr Mapleson and M. Carvalho, with the idea of giving French opera at Her Majesty's Theatre on the off-nights of the season. Let us first be clear about the on-nights. Our transatlantic contemporaries seem to be confirmed *gobemouches*. One of their most recent statements is to the effect that Christine Nilsson and Etelka Gerster having consented to be leading singers at the next Italian Opera season in New York, the stockholders of the Academy of Music are determined to enlarge the "parquet" and balcony, and increase the number of boxes. The conditions of these "first ladies" are, as a matter of course, exceptional, and to balance them additional accommodation must be made for the crowds that will naturally be attracted to every one of their performances. About Mme Gerster's arrangements, knowing nothing, we can say nothing; but with regard to Mme Nilsson's, it may be stated without reserve, that up to this moment she has entered into no engagements whatever, either for London or elsewhere.



A MYSTERY (*Communicated*).—There is a rumour that Mr D'Oiley Carte has purchased (or intends purchasing) an estate not far from Penzance, where of old stood Castle Tintagel, once belonging to King Vter (or Uther) Pendragon, and where for a period resided the fayre Ygraine, King Arthur's mother. In that case Mr Carte might invite the author of *Parsifal* to co-operate with Mr Gilbert in a new work, and give that other King Arthur (Arthur Sullivan) a brief period of well earned leisure—which he might devote assiduously to his Leeds oratorio and the still unfinished "Symphony in D" (No. 2).

### ELBERFELD. (Correspondence.)

Mme Norman Néruda and Mr Charles Hallé at a recent concert were enthusiastically received. A correspondent writing to the *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung* in reference to the "Violin-Fairy" says: "Bülow is right again. Mme Norman Néruda is an individuality with whom we forget all comparisons. There is nothing weakly, indistinct, or effeminate, nothing like mannerism, about her; she played among other things, with the greatest conceivable success, several pieces of which we have preserved a pleasant recollection from hearing them performed by Joachim."

Mlle Nevada, the new *prima donna* about whom there has been a good deal of talk lately, has as yet accepted no engagement in London, Paris, or at any of the continental cities.

### CONCERTS.

LONDON BALLAD CONCERTS.—Mr John Boosey is fortunate in that ballad music, unlike other and more pretentious forms of the art, knows nothing of times and seasons, but remains in fashion all the year round. Its perennial character found illustration on Saturday afternoon, when, in St James's Hall, the first of a series of morning concerts attracted a large audience, by whom nearly every piece was applauded or encored with a zest distinctive of genuine appreciation. The programme contained no fewer than twenty-seven selections, of which the great majority were by modern composers, not a few having already won public favour. As to the manner in which these last were rendered by singers of ability like Miss Mary Davies, Miss Damian, Mme Sterling, Mr Sims Reeves, Mr E. Lloyd, Mr Maybrick, and Mr Santley, not a word need be said. Suffice it to mention the more pronounced successes of the afternoon. Encores were awarded to Miss Davies for "Terence's Farewell," to Miss Damian for Sullivan's "Golden Days," to Mme Sterling in Cowen's "The Better Land," to Mr Lloyd in Sullivan's "Distant Shore," and to Mr Santley in "Old Timbertoes." Mr Sims Reeves was, as usual, called upon to repeat both his songs, "Adelaide" and "The Message," but persisted in a very laudable determination to sing "no more than was set down for him," and eventually had his way. The London Vocal Union pleasantly varied the proceedings by concerted pieces, and Mme Frickenhaus was much applauded for her pianoforte solos.—D.T.

By invitation of the President and Council of the Society of British Artists, a numerous company met, on Friday evening week, at a *conversazione* in Suffolk Street, Pall Mall. The rooms were brilliantly yet softly illuminated, showing to good effect the pictures which cover the walls; and the principal chamber, one of the most commodious art-galleries in London, was arranged as a concert-room. Miss Woodhatch sang Cowen's "In the Gloaming" and another ballad in a manner to win the approval of her already kindly disposed hearers. Mendelssohn's trio in C minor, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, was played by Miss Josephine Lawrence, Mr Gibson, and Mr Howell; Mr Seligman sang Balfe's "Good Night, Beloved;" Coenen's "Lovely Spring" was expressively given by Miss Eleanor Burnett; and Mr Maybrick introduced his own "Midshipmite," for which, responding to an encore, he submitted "Nancy Lee." Mr Henry Thomas played in thoroughly musician-like style Mendelssohn's pianoforte capriccio in B flat minor; Chopin's polonaise in E flat being contributed by Miss Josephine Lawrence. Mr Gibson and Mr Howell, as soloists, also added to the instrumental attractions of the concert, which, under the direction of Mr Ludovici, afforded general satisfaction.

HERR OTTO BOOTH's third violin recital took place on Saturday afternoon, April 10th, at 13, Berners Street, W. Miss Maud Irving and Mr H. Fulkerson were the vocalists. The following programme was given: Sonata (Handel), Dramatic Concerto (Spohr), Polonaise (Wieniawski), "Bourrée," "Song of the Brook," and Fantasia on Scotch airs, composed and performed by Otto Booth. Miss Irving sang Millard's "Waiting" and Cowen's "At last," Mr Fulkerson contributing songs by Aidé and Sullivan, together with a new Serenade (violin *obbligato*) by Otto Booth. The room was crowded with an appreciative audience; and no wonder, the selection being varied and highly attractive, the performances—those especially by Mr Otto Booth—beyond reproach.

At a concert given by Messrs Chappe l and Winter, on Tuesday evening, April 6th, in the Presbyterian Chapel, Southwark Park Road, Mesdames Touzeau and Christine, Messrs White and Winter sang the quartet from *Elijah*, "Oh, come every one"; Mr H. B. Norris gave "Why do the nations!"; Mme Touzeau, "Let the bright seraphim"; Mme Christine, "Oh, rest in the Lord"; and Mr Chappell, Gounod's "Nazareth"—each performance gaining well-merited applause. In the second part Mr Sydney Hall played a solo on the pianoforte, on themes from *Tannhäuser*; Mme Touzeau sang "Olivia," substituting for an "encore" "Come back to Erin." Messrs Terry, Chappell, and Davis joined heartily in a glee ("Mynheer van Dunck"), and other pieces of more or less interest were contributed.

A CONCERT was given at the Brompton Hospital on Tuesday evening, March 30, for the entertainment of the patients and their friends. Among those who gave their assistance were Mme Touzeau, Miss De Lille, Messrs Hayes and Conyor. Mme Touzeau's chief song was "Olivia," for which, being recalled, she substituted "The Vale of Avoca," with equal satisfaction to her hearers. Mme Touzeau also gave "The Minstrel Boy," and being again called back, sang with no less expression "She wandered down the mountain side," by Frederick Clay. Mr Carter, who accompanied the songs, played, as solo, Thalberg's "Home, sweet home." At the end of

the concert, the Rev. R. H. Davies proposed a vote of thanks to the artists who had given their services. This was responded to by Mr Carter.

Mr J. HARRINGTON YOUNG gave a "Mélange Musical" at Steinway Hall on Thursday evening, April 8th. Mr Young, well known as a flautist of distinguished ability, fully sustained his reputation by performances of Weber's Trio, Op. 63, for flute, violoncello, and pianoforte (with Messrs Howell and Bending); a Serenade, for flute, violin, and viola, by Beethoven (with MM. Buzio and Doyle); a solo of his own composition, "Le Carnaval," for piccolo; and the *obbligato* accompaniment to a song, "Sweet Philomel" (also his own) sympathetically rendered by Mdle Grieffenhagen. Mr Young had the assistance of two eminent brother flautists—Messrs Radcliff and Barrett (?)—and of the Misses Kingsbury, Messrs Oswald and J. H. Pearson. Mr Pearson sang a "Romance" by Mr Young, and Ascher's "Alice, where art thou?", obtaining in both instances well deserved applause. Mdle Grieffenhagen gave the familiar "Berceuse" of Gounod (violoncello *obbligato*, Mr Howell) with irreproachable taste, and Mr Radcliff played Mr Young's flute solo arrangement of "Home, sweet home" like the genuine artist we all know. Messrs King Hall and F. Kingsbury were the accompanists.

A concert was given at Myddelton Hall, Islington, on Wednesday evening, April 14th, in aid of the funds of the Printers' Guild for Boys. The vocalists were Misses Eugenie Kemble and Marion Berrington (from the London Conservatoire of Music), Messrs John Cross and Frank Ward. The instrumentalists were Mr G. H. Gifford (violin), Miss Louise Earle (zither), and Fräulein Schneider (pianoforte). Among the most successful vocal pieces were "The moon hath raised," Sir Julius Benedict's *Lily of Kilarny* (Messrs Crosse and Ward), Offenbach's "I'm an Alsatian," from his operetta *Lisichen and Fritschen* (Miss Berrington and Mr Cross), Randegger's "I Naviganti," (Miss Berrington, Messrs Cross and Ward), Mr Henry's Farmer's fantasia for violin on airs from *Faust* (Mr Gifford), two solos for the pianoforte—"Fête Champêtre," by Tito Mattel, and Sydney Smith's "Chilperic," a highly effective piece, (Fräulein Schneider), and a solo for zither, "Annen Polka," by Strauss (Miss Earle). In the course of the evening Warden Henry Wills delivered a brief address in explanation of the object of the guild. A collection was then made after the usual fashion, and the entertainment ended with the National Anthem, sung by the whole company.

#### PROVINCIAL.

BRIGHTON.—The profits of the concert on Monday week, at the Royal Pavilion, in aid of the funds of the County Hospital, amounted to £38 3s. 9d.—Mdme Antoinette Sterling (the "universally popular") is to be the vocalist at the Royal Aquarium Concert this morning.—An amateur concert is announced for Tuesday at the Royal Pavilion, on behalf of the funds of the Brighton and Hove branch of the Royal Humane Society. (Monosyllable "The" occurs twelve times in this *communiqué*.—DR BLIDGE.)

BIRMINGHAM.—Mr Sims Reeves will appear at the Prince of Wales Theatre, Birmingham, on Monday next in ballad opera. The popular tenor will be supported by Mdme Cave-Ashton, who has been specially engaged. A new operetta by Mr N. H. Nicholson forms one of the attractions.

LEEDS.—The programme at the "Henry Smart" Concert on Saturday evening in the Victoria Hall consisted entirely of compositions by the late eminent musician whose name was at the head of it. It was graceful and fitting that such a tribute should be paid to the memory of a great English composer, in a town where his music was so much admired, and with which he had not a few interesting associations. The variety of the selection indicated how versatile was Smart's talent. Indeed, there are few modern composers from whose works there could have been chosen such genuine examples in so many different styles. The beauty of his part-songs, universally acknowledged, was strikingly exemplified by a large and well-trained chorus, most ably conducted by Dr Spark, who also accompanied the solos on the piano. The organ was played with marked ability by Mr T. W. Dodds, of Queen's College, Oxford. The principals were Misses Catherine Penna (soprano) and Catherine Baxter (contralto), Messrs V. Fabrin (tenor) and Henry Pope (bass). The first half of the programme consisted of sacred music, including choice selections from the oratorio, *Jacob*; the second division was exclusively secular.

MANCHESTER.—Miss Alice May has achieved another success at the Theatre Royal, in the *Sultan of Mocha*. The local papers are unanimous in her praise. The *Examiner* says: "Miss Alice May (Dolly) is known and admired no less for her vivacious acting than for her vocal skill." The *Chronicle* writes: "Although this accomplished lady has given us previous evidence of her great ability, she surpasses herself as Dolly." The *Era's* Correspondent

says: "Miss Alice May has taken the public by storm, for she not only looks divine, but sings the music of Dolly with a brilliancy and acts the character with a piquancy rarely found in combination."

MALVERN.—The first recital on the Priory Church organ, since its enlargement and improvement, was given on Friday, the 2nd inst., by Mr W. Haynes, whose playing was much and deservedly admired. The programme contained organ music by the greatest masters. On Tuesday Sir Herbert Oakeley gave a recital, his programme being essentially in the classical style. A festal march, of his own composition, was finely played and greatly applauded. There were large congregations at each recital, the offertories at the first amounting to £12, and at the second to £13, both of which will be devoted to the organ fund.—On Monday, the 5th inst., a concert was given in aid of the Christ Church Vicarage Fund, in Mr Haynes's concert-room, which was well attended. The soloists were Mrs E. V. Hall, Miss Coates, Rev. E. V. Hall, and Captain Coalbrook Carter. There was a chorus of upwards of thirty voices, ladies and gentlemen resident at Malvern, aided by members of the Priory Church Choir. Mrs Fitton accompanied on the pianoforte, and the Rev. T. H. Belcher, of Malvern College, conducted.—*Malvern News*.

HARLINGTON.—A concert was given in the National school-rooms on Wednesday evening, April 7th, in aid of the fund for a new organ in the parish church. The singers were Mdme Talford, Miss Cane, Messrs John Cross, A. J. Hicks, and Ellingham, assisted by Mr Herniman's choral class. The pianists were Miss Kate Dudeney and Mr Claude Schnieder; Miss Dudeney also presided at the organ. Among the vocal pieces to be noticed were "Comfort ye my people," sung by Mr John Cross, and Gounod's "Nazareth," by Mr Hicks, in the first part of the programme; "Alice, where art thou?", for which Mr Cross obtained great applause, and "The Sailor Sighs," in which he was associated with Mdme Talford, in the second. Mr Herniman conducted.

#### SONG.\*

Where the white rose buds, and where Honeysuckles scent the air, By the stream, and near the spot Speckled with forget-me-not, Sad I walked with footsteps slow, There he found me—who knows how?	In the brook our images Shone together, 'mid the trees Rustling went the balmy wind. Round me there his arms he twined, Over mine he bent his head, "How I love you, sweet!" he said
--	---

When full low the large moon shone,  
And the stars came one by one,  
While the woods and fields grew dim,  
Was it I that said to him  
'Neath the glimmering hawthorn-tree,  
'O my love, I love but thee?"

\* Copyright.

B.

"THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE."—Night after night "crammed"—as Mr Boucicault used to placard at the Adelphi doors during the run of the *Colleen Bawn*.

THE action brought by Signor Dobrowolski against Signor Foli, the operatic singer, on an accusation of having been maliciously prosecuted for forging a receipt for money alleged to have been paid for a song, ended yesterday in the Common Pleas Division, by judgment being given for the Defendant with costs.

MDLE MARIMON is to sail from New York this day, in the City of Richmond. Until her return nothing can be officially reported about her future connection with Her Majesty's Theatre.

LONDON BALLAD CONCERTS.—Mr John Boosey, the energetic director of these successful performances, has begun a new series at St James's Hall, to take place on Saturday afternoons. The opening concert comprised an attractive selection of vocal pieces, prominent among the many being the co-operation of Mr Sims Reeves, who was enthusiastically received and warmly applauded for his fine delivery of Beethoven's "Adelaide" and Blumenthal's song, "The Message."—*Daily News*.

MR ARTHUR SULLIVAN postponed his departure from Paris from Saturday until Wednesday. If he wants to hear *The Pirates of Penzance* away from his place in the orchestra (which has been occupied so ably during his absence by Mr Cellier, Junr., brother of "Alfred" of that ilk, now Sullivanising the United States) he must go behind the curtain, there being no place to be had in front, for man or beast.



## ST. JAMES'S HALL.

Concerts given by individual artists are not, as a rule, of much account. They generally resolve themselves into affairs of courtesy, from which criticism is as properly excluded as from any other friendly gathering. But an exception was presented at St James's Hall on Wednesday night, Mr Faulkner Leigh's second concert having genuine attractions, and being worthy of more than light and passing regard. This will at once appear when we state that two new cantatas by English composers were performed, as well as an important orchestral work, by Georges Bizet, never before heard in England. If anything, Mr Leigh's programme was a little too comprehensive, and erred by seeking to combine the popularity of a ballad and opera concert with the virtue which attaches to higher things. Experiments of this kind are rarely successful. They lead to a mixed audience who are unanimous about nothing, and only consistent in that one section or other is always bored. The first of two cantatas was Madame Sainton-Dolby's setting of Adelaide Procter's "Story of a Faithful Soul." This work, it will be remembered, had its first hearing at Steinway Hall in June last, when it was performed, with merely a pianoforte accompaniment, under the direction of M. Sainton. We then dwelt at some length upon its character and claims, doing justice to its artistic purport, unaffected sentiment, and general harmony of treatment and theme. After the lapse of so short a time the testimony so given need not be repeated; but a word is due to the fact that, on Wednesday, the cantata was performed with the advantage of a full orchestra. This, of course, materially varied the effect produced on the first occasion, and the change was not, in every instance, an improvement. Criticism of the scoring would be rash without the opportunity of close inspection; but, waiving this, the effect produced here and there was as though the distinguished composer had a pianoforte and not an orchestra in her thoughts when putting her ideas on paper. On the other hand, many passages stood out in bolder relief and more attractive colours for their fuller treatment. Putting one thing against another, and having regard to the dimensions of the work, we are disposed to believe that the pianoforte version of the "Story of a Faithful Soul" will not only be found more useful, but more appropriate, than the orchestral. It may be commended, at any rate, and without reserve, to the numerous societies by which such compositions, when they are as good as this one, are always warmly welcomed. M. Sainton, who was much applauded, conducted the performance with his usual skill and the assurance of perfect knowledge, thanks to which the imperfections noticeable were fewer than might have been expected seeing that, after our happy-go-lucky English fashion, the band and chorus had not rehearsed together. At the end Mme Sainton was loudly called for, and as loudly cheered by those above all who recognised once more on a concert platform a face they often saw there "lang syne," but never too frequently for their desires. Mr George Fox, the composer of the second cantata, is a gentleman who largely devotes himself to the musical illustration of the horrible-grotesque, not without a measure of success that amounts to justification. So far as our knowledge goes of his doings, he began with the story of the Jackdaw of Rheims, and next took up the pathetic narrative of Lord Lovel and his Bride. We are now acquainted with him as the composer of a cantata founded on the grim and ghastly legend of Alonzo the Brave and the fair Imogene—the lady, by the way, giving her name to his work. *Imogene* is, of course, treated from a humorous point of view, and the general tone of sportiveness and cynicism that pervades the music excites a sense of incongruity provocative of laughter. In this respect the cantata opens very well indeed. Subsequently it falls off a little, and the music becomes less distinctive in its humour; but, as a whole, the work claims respect. In fact, the composer writes so admirably that we should be glad to find him taking up a serious theme and doing his powers the justice they cannot receive from any amount of clever fooling. Mr Fox, who is a baritone of considerable pretensions, took a leading part in the performance of *Imogene*, assisted by Mdle Baermeister, Miss Emilie Lloyd, and Mr Faulkner Leigh, all of whom sang with care and success. Mr Sidney Naylor conducted.

The miscellaneous part of the programme contained several things of interest, first among these being a selection, entitled Suite No. 2, from Bizet's incidental music to Alphonse Daudet's *L'Arlesienne*. A previous selection, as amateurs must well remember, was introduced a few years ago by Mr Weist Hill at the Alexandra Palace, and subsequently at Mme Viard-Louis's concerts; on each occasion with distinguished success. Whether the second set is destined to equal favour remains for time to show, but its charms are even now unquestionable. It consists of four movements—a pastorale, intermezzo, minuet, and farandole, from which last, by the way, some of the ballet music in *Carmen* was taken. The minuet is

simply delicious in its freshness and beauty. Whatever becomes of the companion movements, this is sure to survive and flourish. The work was well played under Mr Weist Hill's able direction. Other orchestral pieces were a pretty bagatelle (encored) by Herr Engel; Sir J. Benedict's overture, "The Minneinger," conducted by the composer; and the overture to *William Tell*. In addition songs were sung by Miss José Sherrington, Mdme Antoinette Sterling, Signor Foli, and the concert-giver, whose pleasant tenor voice and agreeable style obtained warm applause.—D. T.

## TO MY DARLING! \*

No words could ever tell the pain that fills  
My aching heart, now reft of Hope's last trace,  
As Fate the pulses of her fair soul stills,  
And leaves me gazing in Despair's dark face.  
They've told me we shall never meet again—  
But O, my darling! I thank God for this,  
Though all my pleadings were all breath'd in vain,  
They cannot take from us Love's deathless bliss!

They can but part us, and bear thee afar,  
Deeming new scenes old mem'ries will remove,  
As if aught now could ever pale or mar  
The living glories of eternal love!  
Go with them darling! I trust thee for aye,  
And whisper e'en with this my farewell kiss,  
I care not what may come since, come what may,  
Our own for ever is Love's deathless bliss!

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A SOLDIER'S DAUGHTER.

MUSIC AT LIVERPOOL.—Two incidents are almost simultaneously reported by the Liverpool press, one of which is likely to give general satisfaction among lovers of music in this country—the other quite the opposite. That Her Majesty the Queen should have granted out of the Civil List the annual pension of £100 to Mr W. T. Best, organist of St George's Hall, and one of the most practised living masters of an instrument in which Bach, Handel, Mendelssohn, and other renowned composers took such ardent interest, will surprise none, while conciliating all; but the appointment of Herr Max Bruch to succeed Sir Julius Benedict as conductor of the Liverpool Philharmonic Concerts can please only those who prefer seeing a foreign candidate, whatever his *bond fide* pretensions, occupy a position in the disposal of which they may be able to exercise some control. With such people, no English musician, were he even another Sterndale Bennett, would have the remotest chance. The *Liverpool Daily Post* informs its readers that there were no fewer than thirty-seven aspirants for the place so long honourably filled by Sir Julius Benedict, who, though a foreigner by birth and descent, is a naturalised Englishman, and has spent nearly half a century of his artistic career in our midst. Among these "37" were, doubtless, many native-born musicians, some of whom, it is not difficult to believe, could "qualify" for the post just as eminently as Herr Max Bruch, who, though accepted as a composer of unquestionable ability, has yet to be tested as a conductor. The same paper adds, "This appointment will, no doubt, give every satisfaction to members of the Society and to the musical community of Liverpool in general." There is some reason to doubt the assertion as concerning "the musical community in general," however, it may apply to "members of the Society." In any case the decision of the Liverpool Philharmonic Committee is open to, and in fact is, the topic of wide comment. The *Liverpool Post* does not tell us whether Herr Bruch has accepted the offered appointment, and with it the under-stipulated conditions that he shall reside in Liverpool from September in one year to April in the next, and, moreover, "perform the duties of chorus-master," in addition to those hitherto appertaining to the office vacated by Sir Julius Benedict, who resided in London during the same period, and only went to Liverpool for the rehearsal and performance of each successive concert. Will Sir Julius's secession from the conductorship of the Norwich Festival induce the Committee of Management to offer the post to another foreigner?—or will they, as staunch East Anglians, take example by the Leeds Festival Committee, equally staunch Yorkshiremen? The Leeds people have chosen for successor to Sir Michael Costa an Englishman, in Dr Arthur Sullivan, composer, among many other things, of the music to Shakespeare's *Tempest*, *The Prodigal Son*, *The Light of the World*, *The Sorcerer*, *H.M.S. Pinafore*, and the now all-absorbing *Pirates of Penzance*—an adept in many styles, as all know, and gifted, with fair opportunity, to excel in the highest. It remains to be seen at what conclusion Norwich will arrive.—Graphic.

## WAGNER AND THE ROMAN SYNDIC.

Subjoined is a translation of the letter addressed by Richard Wagner to the Syndic of Rome, who invited him to attend the first performance of *Lohengrin* at the Teatro Apollo, in the City of the Popes:—

"SIGNOR SINDACO,—By inviting me to be present at the performance of *Lohengrin* in Rome, you do me so great an honour that I feel an imperious desire not only to express my gratitude but also to tell you for what reasons the honour strikes me as being doubly precious. The publicity given to the considerations of health which compelled me to seek a refuge in Italy, cannot fail to have acquainted you, Signor Sindaco, with the fact that I am prescribed absolute rest. Notwithstanding this, and without reflecting on the greater or less chances of success which, under the circumstances, your invitation might have, you desired to give me a testimony of regard, and to manifest, in connection with my work, the sentiments you cherish for art as well as the sympathy which Italy, the country of the Beautiful, entertains towards my own. And, in order to mark more particularly the feelings which honour in my person my country and my art, you have chosen as the interpreter of those feelings, Signor Cosca, a poet whom I call my friend, and who is, therefore, the plenipotentiary best adapted for this ideal mission. Believe me, Signor Sindaco, when I say that I duly appreciate the honour you have done me, and that inexorable necessity alone prevents my accepting your courteous invitation. Be kind enough, also, to receive this letter with the good feeling which impelled you to act towards me as you have, and to accept my assurance of the high, distinguished, and devoted consideration with which I have the honour to remain, Signor Sindaco, your servant,

"RICHARD WAGNER.

"Naples, 26th March, 1880."

L'ULTIMO ADDIO.  
ROMANZA PER MUSICA.\*

I.  
Dunque Addio, mio caro Amore!  
Un amplesso, e poscia Addio;  
Non v'ha pena, non dolore  
Pel tuo core, pel cor mio  
Che pareggi il rio martire  
Di dover così partire.  
Caro Amore!  
Di dover così partir.

II.  
Oh! se Iddio ci avesse dato  
Un dì solo, un dì ridente,  
Noi potremmo nel passato  
Consolarci del presente,  
Trovar forza per soffrire  
Nell' oscuro avvenire.  
Caro Amore!  
Nell' oscuro avvenire.

III.  
Ma di gioia un raggio puro  
Non brillò per noi giammai;  
Un vapore, un velo oscuro  
Ne turbò mai sempre i rai:  
Il piacere fu un baleno  
Che si spegne all' ombra in seno.  
Caro Amore!  
Che si spegne all' ombra in sen.

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IV.  
Pur non mai, non mai mi volai  
Contro il barbaro destino;  
Di penar non mai mi dolsi,  
Chè penavi a me vicino.  
Fra due cor diviso almeno  
Il martir si sente meno.  
Caro Amore!  
Il martir si sente meno.

V.  
Or, che io sono a te rapita,  
Or, che tolto da me tu sei,  
Colle spine di mia vita  
Gli altrui fior non cambierai.  
Se a gioir è solo un cuore,  
Quel gioir si fa dolore.  
Caro Amore!  
Quel gioir si fa dolor.

VI.  
Dunque Addio!... la nostra speme.  
Nacque in mezzo alla sventura;  
Qual d'autunno all' ore estreme  
Nasce il sole in nebbia oscura,  
E sen muor senza vigore,  
Come il sole, che in nebbia muore.  
Caro Amore!  
Come il sol, che in nebbia muor...

JOANNA ENRIQUEZ.

VIENNA.—There was recently a likelihood that Herr Jauner would retire from the management of the Imperial Operahouse, at Vienna. The crisis has, however, been surmounted for the moment, and Herr Jauner still occupies the managerial chair; but there is reason for believing that before long all the Imperial theatres will be placed under the authority of an Intendant-General appointed by Government, and that the first official will be Baron Hofmann.

The Cecilia Vocal Association at the Hague celebrates its fiftieth anniversary by a grand "national and international" festival on the 14th and 15th of August. Fourteen silver and gold medals, with various sums, varying from 100 to 2,500 francs each, will be awarded as prizes.

## MUSIC AT BOULOGNE-SUR-MER.

(From our Correspondent.)

The winter season at the theatre closes to-night with Offenbach's *Fille du Tambour Major*, which has, during its short run, attracted good audiences. Special applause has been awarded to Mdlle Bélie in the quartet (Act 2), and to Mdlle Jeanne Andrée in "Le petit cocher" (Act 3). M. Bérard's acting is, as always, appreciated, while the eccentricities of M. Soufflet, as the Duc della Volta, are thoroughly appreciated.

With the close of the theatrical season the management of the Salle Monsigny also terminates, and M. de Joly retires with all the artists engaged during the last six months. As long as the theatre is under the control of a town council, who grant a "subvention" of so much a year, and bind over the director to produce for three months in the season grand opera, and the remaining six or seven comic opera, drama, &c., at the same time allowing the public, after the third appearance of any artist, to approve, or disapprove, by vote before the curtain, we must put up with constant changes.

The summer season commences in June, under the direction of M. Champagne (a name of excellent promise), who hails from Dunkerque. (A damper—fancy Dunkerque champagne!—DR BUDGE.)

The management of the *Etablissement des Bains* also undergoes a change, owing to the death of M. Spiers. The programme of the fêtes, &c., between June and October, is not yet published. The new director is appointed for one year—always under the thumb of the town council. Whether these representatives of Boulogne will farm-out the Casino to a company and let the theatre to someone who can act on his own responsibility remains to be seen.

X. T. R.

Boulogne-sur-Mer, 14th April, 1880.

## WIESBADEN.

(Correspondence.)

The long talked-of meeting of the members—or, at least, of some, only thirty being in attendance—of the Baireuth Patrons' Association was held a short time since. It was resolved that the various Wagner Associations shall forthwith raise 1,000,000 marks for the purpose of carrying out the "Master's" plans and desires: the foundation of a School of Style at Baireuth and grand "Festival Performances." As Wagner, who is at present in Naples, will probably not return to Baireuth till the summer is over, the meeting, by his express wish, arranged no performances for this year, but there is a prospect of Symphonic Performances, under Wagner's personal direction, being organised at Baireuth in 1881. Meanwhile, every effort is to be made for carrying out the resolution passed by the meeting, and a special committee was elected from among the members of the Patrons' Association, the members of the said committee being distributed among fourteen German cities.

## WAIIFS.

Mdlle Belocca is expected shortly in Paris from America. Alfred Jaell is giving concerts in Trieste, his native town. Mad. Ristori is about to make a professional tour in Sweden. Mr Barton McGuckin is engaged to sing at the Handel festival. Padre Giovanni, the "priest-tenor," has died in Rome, aged 37. Hans von Bülow has finished a concert tour in Pomerania, Silesia, and West Prussia.

Handel's *Messiah* was performed on Good Friday by the Sing-academie, Bremen.

The Monument to be erected to Goldoni by the city of Venice will shortly be completed.

Herr Vogl began an engagement at the Imperial Operahouse, Vienna, as *Lohengrin*.

The Villa Rossini, at Passy, has been offered for sale for 250,000 fr., but as yet finds no purchaser.

Sig. G. Rampa, flautist, has organised a series of Morning Concerts for Classical Music in Algiers.

Herr Jahn, of Wiesbaden, is appointed conductor at the new Stadttheater, Frankfort-on-the-Maine.

Berlioz's *Damnation de Faust* was to be performed for the first time in Boston (U.S.) on the 15th inst.

The King of Spain has conferred the Commander's Cross of the Order of Charles III. on Señor Sarasate.

Mlle Vera Timanoff, the pianist, is giving concerts in Odessa. She intends passing the season in London.

Two excellent performances of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony have been given by the Società Orchestrale, Florence.

Hector Berlioz's *Grand Requiem* will be performed in Vienna, on the 23rd inst., by the Society of the Friends of Music.

The subject of Mr Aguilar's cantata, announced for performance at Bedford, is Sir Walter Scott's *Bridal of Triermaine*.

Herr Fischer, formerly stage-manager at the Komische Oper, Vienna, is engaged as bass at the Theatre Royal, Dresden.

Professor H. Dorn has resigned the post of musical critic on the *Berliner Bürger Zeitung*, after holding it since Michaelmas, 1875.

On the way from Vienna to Weimar, Franz Liszt passed his birthday at Dresden, with the Prussian Ambassador, Count Carl Dönhoff.

Mad. Lucca, of Milan, has published a collection, with Italian text, by the Marchese Marmonte, of Schumann's most popular melodies.

Herr Carl Bärmann, the Munich clarinetist, has retired on a pension, after being a member of the orchestra at the Theatre Royal for fifty years.

The Teatro Pagliano, Florence, will be opened next month for opera by the Brothers Corti. The first novelty—for Florence—will be Ponchiello's *Gioconda*.

Herr Ludwig Meinardus, whose oratorio, *Luther*, will shortly be performed in Königsberg, has completed another work, *Odrun*, the book taken from the *Edda*.

The man who said that the temperance party was going to rise like a giant refreshed with wine was unfortunate in his choice of simile. (Bo!—DR BUDGE.)

It is reported that Wagner intends visiting Leipzig in June to direct the last rehearsals and first public performance of his *Tristan und Isolde* at the Stadttheater.

Dr Hugo Riemann, a young composer and writer on music at Bromberg, has been commissioned by the Berlin Biographical Institute to compile a *Musik-Lexicon*.

Mr Candidus is engaged to sing the tenor airs, &c., at all the nine "Richter Concerts," to be held in St James's Hall between May 25th and June 14th inclusive.

Herr Max Bruch is appointed successor to Sir Julius Benedict as conductor to the Liverpool Philharmonic Society. (O tempora! O Mores! Oh, columns! Oh, foreigner-bitten Liverpudlians!—DR BUDGE.)

The following appears in the *Boston Courier* (U.S.):—"Joseph Cook once remarked: 'The aggregation of bioplastic germs evidences an irresistible tendency to correlate the molecules in inverse ratio to the capillary process of differentiation.' Joe, you've got our idea exactly. Keep it right up."

Dr Horton Allison was unanimously elected a member of the Royal Academy of Music at the meeting of the Committee, which took place on the 7th inst. Dr Allison, who has been an Associate of the Academy since 1862, is a Bachelor and Doctor of Music by examination, and was awarded the first of four prizes annually given to students at the Royal Conservatorium, Leipzig, in 1865.

The Duke of Edinburgh arrived in Dublin on Friday evening, the 2nd inst., from Galway, on duty connected with the relief of distress in the West of Ireland. As guest at the Viceregal Lodge, he attended an amateur performance of *H.M.S. Pinafore* at St Patrick's Hall, in aid of the Duchess of Marlborough's fund. The audience numbered about 500, and the proceeds amounted to £500. The performance was highly successful.

Mr George Gear announces a concert for Tuesday afternoon next, at St George's Hall, when he will be assisted by several eminent artists. Mr Gear will play a new fugue of his own composition, also his "Rigaudon," entitled *Le Plaisir*, which has already been received with much favour, and two new songs from his pen—"Under the Trees" and "Sweet Visions"—to be sung, respectively, by Miss Catherine Penna and Mme Patey.

The projected new theatre in the Strand, to be built on ground immediately behind the houses on the south side of the roadway facing Southampton Street, will occupy the site of a block of houses and a narrow court parallel with the Strand, and have an entrance in the main thoroughfare. The proprietor is Mr D'Oyly Carte, who intends to devote the new house chiefly to comic opera, with which view the plans of Mr Emden, the architect, have been finally modified. Although there are on the north side no less than five theatres—namely, the Opera Comique, the Gaiety, the Lyceum, the

Vaudeville, and the Adelphi, and we might almost add the Globe and the Charing Cross, making seven—there is at present on the opposite side of the way only one house—namely, the little Strand Theatre.

The Society of Arts is about to repeat, with some modifications, the experiment tried last year, of holding a practical examination in vocal and instrumental music. Certificates are awarded in three grades—"Honours," "First-class," and "Second-class," candidates being expected to sing or play a piece already studied, to "sol-fa" or execute at sight selected passages, and, a key-note being struck and specified by the examiner, to name various given intervals from that standpoint. This test is an important feature, as a point in which ordinary musical education in England is deficient. For "Honours" Certificate, the candidate will have to answer questions including harmony, simple counterpoint, elementary form, instrumentation, and the history of music. The examinations for London will be held at the House of the Society of Arts, John Street, Adelphi, London, during the week commencing 7th June. They are open to all applicants without restriction to age, occupation, or rank. Centres for pursuing these examinations in connection with the Society have already been formed by the Association for the Higher Education of Women at Glasgow, and the Midland Institute, Birmingham.

My wee love's like a posey,  
She's so sweet, so fresh, so rosy,  
Though she looks so very simple,  
Yet there lurk in ev'ry dimple,  
Little Cupids shooting arrows  
That pierce, pierce, pierce.

And when'er her eyes she raises  
To smile back love and praises,  
Than forget-me-nots they're bluer,  
Fonder, kinder, better, truer,  
Than are any eyes pale poets  
May sing, sing, sing.

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When dew the mead is sprinkling,  
Then her fairy feet go twinkling,  
O'er the path towards the river,  
Where the wavelets dance and quiver;  
Ah! 'tis there I wait her coming,  
As I dream, dream, dream.

Then with many fond caresses,  
In May bloom I deck her tresses,  
And her pure young voice goes ringing  
Through the greenwood gaily singing.  
For this little maid so rosy,  
Is mine, mine, mine.

C. S.

HAMBURG.—Spontini's *Ferdinand Cortez* has been performed at the Stadttheater for the first time these forty years, the occasion being the benefit of Herr Winkelmann, tenor, as the hero. The opera was given for the first time at the Stadttheater on the 15th May, 1821.—A "Wagner-Cyclops," in which all the composer's dramatic works will be performed, each in the order of its creation, is to commence on the 25th inst.

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